

THE 7594
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TOY-SHOP.

To which are added,
EPISTLES
AND
POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.

By ROBERT DODSLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, at *Tully's-Head*, in *Pall-Mall*; and LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer's-Head*, against *St. Dunstan's Church*, in *Fleetstreet*.

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EPISTLES

PROFESSOR

Several Occasions

BY ROBERT DODD



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MDCCLXXII

A N
E P I S T L E
T O A
F R I E N D in the **C O U N T R Y.**

S I R,

THE Opinion which you
say has prevail'd with
some, that this Piece
was not my own, but from a better
Hand, gives me too much Plea-
sure to be angry, and would do

me too much Honour to contradict, did it not shew their Want of Judgment who entertain it. I should be very glad if I could persuade myself there were any just Grounds in the Merit of the Thing to countenance such an Opinion; but since it has been so favourably receiv'd, that I am now to print an Eighth Edition of it, I find I have Pride enough to vindicate to myself any Credit I may receive from it.

You may remember, long before I had the Honour of being known to Mr. POPE, the Regard I had for him; and it was a great Mortification

tification to me, that I us'd to think myself too Inconsiderable ever to merit his Notice or Esteem.

However, some time after I had wrote the Toy-Shop, hoping there was something in it which might recommend me to him in a moral Capacity, at least, tho' not in a poetical one, I sent it to him, and desir'd his Opinion of it; expressing some Doubt, that, tho' I design'd it for the Stage, yet, unless it's Novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a publick Representation, and therefore had not offer'd it to the Actors.

In answer to this, I receiv'd the following Instance of Mr. POPE's Good-nature and Humanity.

S I R,

Feb. 5, 1732-3.

I Was very willing to read your Piece, and do freely tell you, I like it, as far as my particular Judgment goes. Whether it has Action enough to please on the Stage I doubt: But the Morality and Satire ought to be relish'd by the Reader. I will do more than you ask me, I will recommend it to Mr. Rich. If he can join it to any Play, with suitable Representations, to make it

an

an Entertainment, I believe he will give you a Benefit Night; and I sincerely wish it may be turn'd any Way to your Advantage, or that I cou'd shew you my Friendship in any Instance.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

He was as good as his Word; he recommended it to Mr. Rich; by his Interest it was brought up on the Stage; and by the Indulgence of the Town, it was very favourably receiv'd.

This

((iviii))

*This is the History of the Toy
Shop; and I shall always thin
myself happy in having wrote it
since it first procur'd me the Favou
and Acquaintance of Mr. POPE.*

I am, &c.

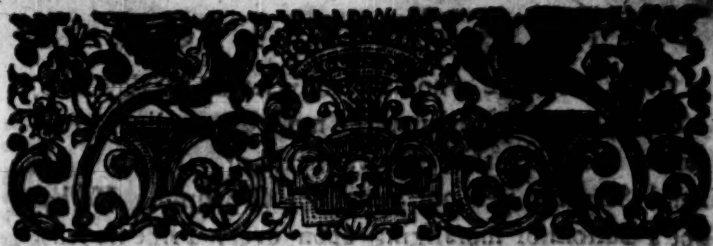
A. POPE.

R. DODSLEY



IN

This



INTRODUCTION.

Enter a Gentleman and two Ladies.

GENTLEMAN.



N D you have never been at this extraordinary Toy-shop, you say, Madam?

1 La. No, Sir: I have heard of the Man, indeed; but most People say, he's a very impertinent, silly Fellow.

Gent. That's because he sometimes tells them of their Faults.

1 La. And that's sufficient. I should think any Man impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my Faults, if they did not concern him.

Gent. Yes, Madam. But People that know him take no Exceptions. And really, tho' some may think him impertinent, in my Opinion, he's very entertaining.

2 La. Pray, who is this Man you're talking of? I never heard of him.

E H T

B

Gen.

INTRODUCTION

Gent. He's one who has lately set up a Toy-shop, Madam, and is, perhaps, the most extraordinary Person in his Way that ever was heard of. He is a gentlemanly Set-off, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd. He has got a Custom of moralizing upon every Trifle he sells, and will strike a Lesson of Instruction out of a Snuff-box, a Thimble, or a Cockle-shell.

1 La. Is n't he cras'd?

Gent. Madam, he may be call'd a Humourist; but does not want Sense, I do assure you.

2 La. Methinks I should be glad to see him.

Gent. I dare say you will be very much diverted. And if you'll please to give me Leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

2 La. What say you, Madam, shall we go?

1 La. I can't help thinking he's a Coxcomb; however, to satisfy Curiosity, I don't care if I do.

Gent. I believe the Coach is at the Door.

2 La. I hope he won't affront us.

Gent. He won't designedly, I'm sure, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE



THE TOY-SHOP.



The S C E N E opens and discovers the Toy-shop ; the Master standing behind the Counter looking over his Books.

M A S T E R.

METHINKS I have had a tolerable good Day of it to-day. A Gold Watch, Five and Thirty Guineas——Let me see——What did that Watch stand me in?——* Where is it? O here——Lent to Lady *Rasset* Eighteen Guineas upon her Gold Watch. Ay, she died and never redeemed it.——A Set of old China, Five Pounds.—Bought of an old Cloaths Man for Five Shillings. Right.——A curious Shell for a Snuff-box, Two Guineas.——Bought of a poor Fisher-boy for a Half-penny. Now, if I had offer'd

B 2

* *Turning to another Book backwards and forwards.*

that Shell for Six-pence, no-body would have bought it. Well, Thanks to the whimsical Extravagance and Folly of Mankind, I believe, from these childish Toys and gilded Baubles, I shall pick up a comfortable Maintenance. For, really, as it is a trifling Age, so nothing but Trifles are valued in it. Men read none but trifling Authors, pursue none but trifling Amusements, and contend for none but trifling Opinions. A trifling Fellow is preferr'd, a trifling Woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real Trifles enow, they now make Trifles of the most serious and valuable Things. Their Time, their Health, their Money, their Reputation, are trifled away. Honesty is become a Trifle, Conscience a Trifle, Honour a mere Trifle, and Religion the greatest Trifle of all.

Enter the Gentleman and the two Ladies.

Maft. Sir, your humble-Servant, I'm very glad to see you.

Gent. Sir, I am yours. I have brought you some Customers here.

Maft. You are very good, Sir. What do you please to want, Ladies?

1 La. Please to want! People seldom please to want any thing, Sir.

Maft. O dear, Madam, yes; I always imagine when People come into a Toy-shop, it must be for something they please to want.

2 La. Here's a mighty pretty Looking-glass: Pray, Sir, what's the Price of it?

Maft. This Looking-glass, Madam, is the finest in all England. In this Glass a Coquet may see her Vani-

ty,

ty, and a Prude her Hypocrisy. Some Ladies may see more Beauty than Modesty, more Airs than Graces, and more Wit than Good-nature.

1 *La.* [*aside*] He begins already.

Maft. If a Beau was to buy this Glass, and look earnestly in it, he might see his Folly almost as soon as his Finery. 'Tis true, some People may not see their Generosity in it, nor others their Charity, yet it is a very clear Glass. Some fine Gentlemen may not see their Good-manners in it, perhaps, nor some Parsons their Religion, yet it is a very clear Glass. In short, tho every one that passes for a Maid should not happen to see a Virgin in it, yet it may be a very clear Glass, you know, for all that.

2 *La.* Yes, Sir, but I did not ask you the Virtues of it, I ask'd you the Price.

Maft. It was necessary to tell you the Virtues, Madam, in order to prevent your scrupling the Price, which is five Guineas, and for so an extraordinary a Glass, in my Opinion, it is but a Trifle.

2 *La.* Lord, I'm afraid to look in it, methinks, lest it shou'd show me more of my Faults than I care to see.

1 *La.* Pray, Sir, what can be the Use of this very diminutive Piece of Goods here?

Maft. This Box, Madam? In the first Place, it is a very great Curiosity, being the least Box that ever was seen in *England*.

1 *La.* Then a very little Curiosity had been more proper.

Maft. Right, Madam. Yet, would you think it, in this same little Box, a Courtier may deposite his Sincerity,

city, a Lawyer may screw up his Honesty, and a Poet may—hoard his Money.

Gent. Ha, ha, I will make a Present of it to Mr. Stanza for the very same Purpose.

2 La. Here's a fine Perspective. Now, I think, Madam, in the Country these are a very pretty Amusement.

Maſt. O, Madam, the most useful and diverting Things imaginable either in Town or Country. The Nature of this Glass, Madam, (pardon my Impertinence in pretending to tell you what to be sure you are as well acquainted with as myself) is this; If you look thro' it at this End, every Object is magnified, brought near, and discern'd with the greatest Plainness; but turn it the other Way, do you see, and they are all lessened, cast at a great Distance, and render'd almost imperceptible. Thro' this End it is that we look at our own Faults, but, when other People's are to be examined, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this End are view'd all the Benefits and Advantages we at any Time receive from others; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are sure to be shown in their greatest Magnitude thro' the other. Thro' this End we enviously darken and contract the Virtue, the Merit, the Beauty of all the World around us; but fondly compliment our own with the most agreeable and advantageous Light thro' the other.

2 La. Why, Sir, methinks you are a new Kind of a satirical Parson; your Shop is your Scripture, and every Piece of Goods a different Text, from which you expose the Vices and Follies of Mankind in a very fine allegorical Sermon.

Maſt.

Mast. Right, Madam, right; I thank you for the Simile. I may be called a Parson, indeed, and am a very good one in my Way. I take Delight in my Calling, and am never better pleased than to see a full Congregation. Yet it happens to me as it does to most of my Brethren, People sometimes vouchsafe to take home the Text, perhaps, but mind the Sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 La. Why, Sir, when a short Text has more in it than a long Sermon, it's no Wonder if they do.

Enter a third Lady.

3 La. Pray, Sir, let me look at some of your little Dogs.

2 La. [aside] Little Dogs! My Stars! How cheaply some People are entertain'd! Well, it's a Sign human Conversation is grown very low and insipid, whilst that of Dogs and Monkeys is prefer'd to it.

Mast. Here are very beautiful Dogs, Madam. These Dogs, when they were alive, were some of them the greatest Dogs of their Age. I don't mean the largest, but Dogs of the greatest Quality and Merit.

1 La. I love a *Dog of Merit* dearly; has not he a *Dog of Honour* too, I wonder? *[aside.]*

Mast. Here's a Dog now that never eat but upon Plate or China, nor set his Foot but upon a Carpet or a Cushion. Here's one too, this Dog belong'd to a Lady of as great Beauty and Fortune as any in England; he was her most intimate Friend and particular Favourite; and upon that Account has receiv'd more Compliments, more Respect, and more Addresses than a First Minister of State. Here's another, which was, doubtless, a Dog of singular Worth and great Importance;

since; since, at his Death, one of the greatest Families in the Kingdom were all in Tears, receiv'd no Visits for the Space of a Week, but shut themselves up and mourn'd their Loss with inconsolable Sorrow. This Dog, while he lived, either for Contempt of his Person, Neglect of his Business, or saucy and impertinent Behaviours in their Attendance on him, had the Honour of turning away upwards of thirty Servants. He died at last of a Cold caught by following one of the Maids into a damp Room, for which she lost her Place, her Wages, and her Character.

3 *La.* O the careless wicked Wretch! I would have had her try'd for Murder at least. That, that is just my Case! The sad Relation revives my Grief so strongly I cannot contain. *Lucy*, bring in the Box. * O, I have lost the dearest Friend in the World! See! see the charming Creature, here, lies dead! It's precious Life is gone! Oh, my dear *Cblae*! no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm Bosom! no more will that sweet Tongue lick o'er my Face, nor that dear Mouth eat dainty Bits from mine. O, Death, what hast thou robb'd me of?

Gent. [*aside*] A proper Object to display your Folly.

Mastr. Pray, Madam, moderate your Grief; you ought to thank Heaven 'tis not your Husband.

3 *La.* Oh, what is Husband, Father, Mother, Son, to my dear, precious *Cblae*! ————No, no, I cannot live without the Sight of his dear Image; and if you cannot make me the exact Effigies of this poor dead Crea-

* Here her Maid enters and delivers a Box, from which the Lady pulls out a dead Dog, kissing it, and weeping. *Lucy* too pretends great Sorrow, but turning aside bursts out a Laughing, and cries, She little thinks I poison'd it,

reature, and cover it with his own dear Skin, so
cely that it cannot be discern'd, I must never hope to
e one happy Day in Life.

Mast. Well, Madam, be comforted, I will do it to
our Satisfaction. *[Taking the Box.]*

3 *La.* Let me have one Look more. Poor Creature!
cruel Fate, that Dogs are born to die.

[Exit weeping.]

Gent. What a Scene is here! Are not the real and
navoidable Evils of Life sufficient, that People thus
reate themselves imaginary Woes?

Mast. These, Sir, are the Grievs of those that have
o other. Did they once truly feel the real Miseries of
Life, ten thousand Dogs might die without a Tear.

Enter a second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* I want an Ivory Pocket-book.

Mast. Do you please to have it with Directions, or
without?

2 *Gent.* Directions! what, how to use it?

Mast. Yes, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I should think, every Man's own Business his
best Direction.

Mast. It may so. Yet there are some general Rules
which it equally behoves every Man to be acquainted
with. As for Instance: Always to make a Memorandum
of the Benefits you receive from others. Always
to set down the Faults or Failings, which from
Time to Time you discover in yourself. And, if you
remark any Thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others,
let it not be with an ill-natur'd Design to hurt or ex-
pose them, at any Time, but with a *Nota bene*, that
it is only for a Caution to yourself, not to be guilty
of

of the like. With a great many other Rules of such Nature as makes one of my Pocket-books both a useful Monitor and a very entertaining Companion.

2 *Gent.* And pray, what's the Price of one of them?

Maſt. The Price is a Guinea, Sir.

2 *Gent.* That's very dear. But as it is a Curiosity
[Pays for it, and Exits]

Enter a Beau.

Beau. Pray, Sir, let me see some of your handsome Snuff-boxes.

Maſt. Here's a plain gold one, Sir, a very neat Box; here's a Gold enamell'd; here's a Silver one neatly carv'd and gilt; here's a curious Shell, Sir, set in Gold.

Beau. Damn your Shells; there's not one of them fit for a Gentleman to put his Fingers into. I want one with some pretty Device on the Inside of the Lid; something that may serve to joke upon, or help one to an Occasion to be witty, that is, smutty, now and then.

Maſt. And are witty and smutty then synonymous Terms?

Beau. O dear Sir, yes; a little decent Smut is the very Life of all Conversation. 'Tis the Wit of Drawing-rooms, Assemblies, and Tea-tables. 'Tis the smart Raillery of fine Gentlemen, and the innocent Freedom of fine Ladies. 'Tis a *Double Entendre*, at which the Coquet laughs, the Prude looks grave, the Modest blush, but all are pleas'd with.

Maſt. That it is the Wit and the Entertainment of all Conversations, I believe, Sir, may, possibly, be a Mistake. 'Tis true, those who are so rude as to use it in all

Con-

Conversations, may possibly be so depraved themselves, as to fancy every-body else as agreeably entertain'd in hearing it as they are in uttering it: But I dare say, any Man or Woman of real Virtue and Modesty, has as little Taste for such Ribaldry, as those Coxcombs have for what is good Sense or true Politeness.

Beau. Good Sense, Sir! Damme, Sir, what do you mean? I would have you think, I know good Sense as well as any Man. Good Sense is a true——a right——a——a——a——Dam it, I scorn to be so pedantick as to make Definitions; but I can invent a cramp Oath, Sir; drink a smutty Health, Sir; ridicule Priests, laugh at all Religion, and make such a grave Prig as you look just like a Fool, Sir. Now, Damme, I take this to be good Sense.

Mast. And I, unmov'd, can hear such senseless Ridicule, and look upon its Author with an Eye of Pity and Contempt. And I take this to be good Sense.

Beau. Pshaw, pshaw; damn'd Hypocrisy and Affectation; nothing else, nothing else. [Exit.

Mast. There is nothing so much my Aversion as a Coxcomb. They are a Ridicule upon human Nature, and make one almost ashamed to be of the same Species. And, for that Reason, I can't forbear affronting them, whenever they fall in my Way. I hope the Ladies will excuse such Behaviour in their Presence.

2 La. Indeed, Sir, I wish we had always some-body to treat them with such Behaviour in our Presence. 'T would be much more agreeable than their Impertinence.

Enter

Enter a Young Gentleman.

3 Gent. I want a plain Gold Ring, Sir, exactly this Size.

Mast. Then 'tis not for yourself, Sir ?

3 Gent. No.

Mast. A Wedding Ring, I presume.

3 Gent. No, Sir ; I thank you kindly, that's a Toy, I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous Piece of Goods in your whole Shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a Mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first, and afterwards are ready to hang themselves seperately, to get loose again.

1 La. This is but a fashionable Cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended Railer at Matrimony is not just upon the Point of making some poor Woman miserable.

2 Gent. Well ——— happy are we whilst we are Children ; we can then lay down one Toy and take up another, and please ourselves with Variety : but growing more foolish, as we grow older, there's no Toy will please us then but a Wife ; and that, indeed, as it is a Toy for Life, so it is all Toys in one. She is a Rattle in a Man's Ears which he cannot throw aside : A Drum that is perpetually beating him a Point of War : A Top which he ought to whip for his Exercise, for, like that, she is best when lash'd to sleep : A Hobby-Horse for the Booby to ride on when the Maggot takes him : A —

Mast. You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous Strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis Wit ; but, in my Opinion, a good Wife is the greatest Blessing, and the most valuable Possession, that Heaven, in this Life, can bestow.

She

She makes the Cares of the World fit easy, and adds a Sweetness to its Pleasures. She is a Man's best Companion in Prosperity, and his only Friend in Adversity. The carefullest Preserver of his Health, and the kindest Attendant on his Sickness. A faithful Adviser in Distress, a Comforter in Affliction, and a prudent Manager of all his domestick Affairs.

2 *La.* Charming Doctrine!

[*Aside.*

3 *Gent.* Well, Sir, since I find you so staunch an Advocate for Matrimony, I confess, 'tis a Wedding Ring I want; the Reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in Ridicule of Marriage, was only to avoid the Ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

Maft. Why that now is just the Way of the World in every Thing, especially, amongst young People. They are asham'd to do a good Action, because it is not a fashionable one; and, in Compliance with Custom, act contrary to their own Consciences. They displease themselves to please the Coxcombs of the World, and chuse rather to be Objects of divine Wrath than human Ridicule.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one Man in ten thousand that dare be virtuous for fear of being singular. 'Tis a Weakness which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myself; but for the Future I am resolv'd upon a more steady Rule of Action.

Maft. I am very glad of it. Here's your Ring, Sir. I think it comes to about a Guinea.

3 *Gent.* There's the Money.

Maft. Sir, I wish you all the Joy that a good Wife can give you.

3 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit*

1 *La.*

La. Well, Sir, but, after all, don't you think Marriage a kind of a desperate Venture?

Maft. It is a desperate Venture, Madam, to be sure. But, provided there be a tolerable Share of Sense and Discretion on the Man's Part, and of Mildness and Condescension on the Woman's, there is no Danger of leading as happy and as comfortable a Life in that State as in any other.

Enter a fourth Lady.

La. I want a Mask, Sir ; Have you got any ?

Maft. No, Madam, I have not one indeed. The People of this Age are arriv'd to such Perfection in the Art of masking themselves, that they have no Occasion for any foreign Disguises at all. You shall find Infidelity mask'd in a Gown and Cassock ; and Wantonness and Immodesty under a blushing Countenance. Oppression is veil'd under the Name of Justice ; and Fraud and Cunning under that of Wisdom. The Fool is mask'd under an affected Gravity, and the vilest Hypocrite under the greatest Professions of Sincerity. The Flatterer passes upon you under the Air of a Friend ; and he that now hugs you in his Bosom, for a Shilling would cut your Throat. Calumny and Detraction impose themselves upon the World for Wit, and an eternal Laugh wou'd fain be thought Good-nature. An humble Demeanour is assum'd from a Principle of Pride, and the Wants of the Indigent relieved out of Ostentation. In short, Worthlessness and Villany are oft disguis'd and dignified in Gold and Jewels, whilst Honesty and Merit lie hid under Rags and Misery. The whole World is in a Mask,
and

and it is impossible to see the natural Face of any one Individual.

4 *La.* That's a Mistake, Sir, you yourself are an Instance, that no Disguise will hide a Coxcomb; and so your humble Servant. [Exit.]

Maſt. Humph! ——— Have I but juſt now been exclaiming againſt Coxcombs, and am I accused of being one myſelf? Well ——— we can none of us ſee the ridiculous Part of our own Characters. Could we but once learn to criticize ourſelves; and to find out and expoſe to ourſelves our own weak Sides, it would be the ſureſt Means to conceal them from the Criticiſm of others. But I would ſain hope I am not a Coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am elſe.

Gent. I ſuppoſe you have ſaid ſomething which her Conſcience would not ſuffer her to paſs over without making the ungrateful Application to herſelf, and that, as it often happens, inſtead of awaking in her a Senſe of her Fault, has only ſerv'd to put her in a Paſſion.

Maſt. May be ſo indeed. At leaſt I am willing to think ſo.

Enter an Old Man.

O. M. I want a Pair of Spectacles, Sir.

Maſt. Do you pleaſe to have them plain Tortoiſe-shell, or ſet in Gold or Silver?

O. M. Pho! Do you think I buy Spectacles as your fine Gentlemen buy Books? If I wanted a Pair of Spectacles only to look at, I would have 'em fine ones; but as I want them to look with, do you ſee, I'll have them good ones.

Maft. Very well, Sir. Here's a Pair I'm fure will please you. Thro' thefe Spectacles all the Follies of Youth are feen in their true Light. Thofe Vices which to the ftrongeft youthful Eyes appear in Characters fcarce legible, are, thro' thefe Glaffes, difcern'd with the greateft Plainnefs. A powder'd Wig upon an empty Head, attracts no more Refpect thro' thefe Opticks than a greafy Cap; and the lac'd Coat of a Coxcomb feems altogether as contemptible as his Footman's Livery.

O. M. That, indeed, is fhewing Things in their true Light.

Maft. The common Virtue of the World appears only a Cloak for Knavery; and its Friendfhips no more than Bargains of Self-Interest. In fhort, he who is now paffing away his Days in a conftant Round of Vanity, Folly, Intemperance, and Extravagance, when he comes ferioufly to look back upon his paft Actions, thro' thefe undisguifing Opticks, will certainly be convinc'd, that a regular Life, fpent in the Study of Truth and Virtue, and adorn'd with Acts of Juftice, Generofity, Charity and Benevolence, would not only have afforded him more Delight and Satisfaction in the prefent Moment, but would likewife have rais'd to his Memory a lafting Monument of Fame and Honour.

O. M. Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that fuch ferious Ware fhould be the Commodity of a Toy-fhop. [*Afide.*] Well, Sir, and what's the Price of thefe extraordinary Spectacles?

Maft. Half a Crown.

O. M. There's your Money.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter a fourth young Gentleman.

4 *Gent.* I want a small Pair of Scales.

Maſt. You ſhall have them, Sir.

4 *Gent.* Are they exactly true?

Maſt. The very Emblem of Juſtice, Sir, a Hair will turn them. *[Ballancing the Scales.]*

4 *Gent.* I would have them true, for they muſt determine ſome very nice ſtatical Experiments.

Maſt. I'll engage they ſhall juſtly determine the nicest Experiments in Staticks. I have try'd them myſelf in ſome uncommon Subjects, and have prov'd their Goodneſs. I have taken a large Handful of Great Men's Promiſes, and put into one End; and lo! the Breath of a Fly in the other has kick'd up the Beam. I have ſeen four Peacock's Feathers, and the four Gold Clocks in Lord *Tawdry's* Stockings, ſuſpend the Scales in Equilibrio. I have found by Experiment, that the Learning of a Beau, and the Wit of a Pedant, are a juſt Counterpoize to each other. That the Pride and Vanity of any Man are in exact Proportion to his Ignorance. That a Grain of Good-nature will preponderate againſt an Ounce of Wit; a Heart full of Virtue, againſt a Head full of Learning; and a Thimble full of Content, againſt a Cheſt full of Gold.

4 *Gent.* This muſt be a very pretty Science, I fancy.

Maſt. It would be endleſs to enumerate all the Experiments that might be made in theſe Scales; but there is one which every Man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a moderate Fortune, enjoy'd with Content, Freedom, and Independency, will turn the Scales againſt whatever can be put in the other End.

Well, this is a Branch of Staticks, which, I
 I had but little Thoughts of entering into.
 However, I begin to be perswaded, that to know the
 true Specifick Gravity of this Kind of Subjects, is of
 infinitely more Importance than that of any other Bo-
 dies in the Universe.

Maſt. It is indeed. And that you may not want En-
 couragement to proceed in ſo uſeful a Study, I will let
 you have the Scales for Ten Shillings. If you make a
 right Uſe of them, they will be worth more to you
 than Ten Thouſand Pounds.

4 Gent. I confeſs, I am ſtruck with the Beauty and
 Uſefulneſs of this Kind of moral Staticks, and believe
 I ſhall apply myſelf to make Experiments with great
 Delight. There's your Money, Sir: You ſhall hear
 ſhortly what Discoveries I make; in the mean Time,
 I am your humble Servant. [Exit.]

Maſt. Sir, I am yours.

Enter a ſecond Old Man.

2 O. M. Sir, I underſtand you deal in Curioſities.
 Have you any Thing in your Shop, at preſent, that's
 pretty and curious.

Maſt. Yes, Sir, I have a great many Things. But
 the moſt ancient Curioſity I have got, is a ſmall Braſs
 Plate, on which is engrav'd the Speech which *Adam*
 made to his Wife, on their firſt Meeting, together with
 her Answer. The Characters, thro' Age, are grown
 unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued.
 What is remarkable in this ancient Piece is, that *Eve's*
 Speech is about three Times as long as her Husband's.
 I have a Ram's Horn, one of thoſe which help'd to
 blow down the Walls of *Jerico*. A Lock of *Samſon's*
 Hair,

Hair, tied up in a Shred of *Joseph's* Garment, and several other *Jewish* Antiquities, which I purchased of that People at a very great Price. Then I have the Tune which *Orpheus* play'd to the Devil; when his charm'd back his Wife.

Gent. That was thought to be a silly Tune, I believe, for no-body has ever car'd to learn it since.

Mast. Close cork'd up in a Thumb Phial, I have some of the Tears which *Alexander* wept, because he could do no more Mischief. I have a Snuff box made out of the Tub in which *Diogenes* liv'd, and took Snuff at all the World. I have the Net in which *Vulcan* caught his Spouse and her Gallant; but our modern Wives are grown so exceeding chaste, that there has not been an Opportunity of casting it these many Years.

Gent. Some would be so malicious as, instead of chaste, to think he meant cunning.

[*Afide to the Ladies.*]

Mast. I have the Pitch Pipe of *Gracchus*, the Roman Orator, who, being apt, in Dispute, to raise his Voice too high, by touching a certain soft Note in this Pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate Key.

2 *La.* Such a Pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in Coffee-Houses, and other Publick Places of Debate and modern Disputation.

Gent. Yes, Madam, and, I believe, many a poor Husband would be glad of such a Regulator of the Voice in his own private Family too.

Mast. There you was even with her, Sir. But the most valuable Curiosity I have, is a certain little Tube, which I call a *Distinguisber*; contriv'd with such Art, that, when rightly applied to the Ear, it obstruets all
Falschood,

Falsehood, Nonsense, and Absurdity, from striking upon the Tympanum: Nothing but Truth and Reason can make the least Impression upon the Auditory Nerves. I have sat in a Coffee-house sometimes, for the Space of Half an Hour, and amongst what is generally call'd the best Company, without hearing a single Word. At a Dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager Motions of both Parties, that they made the greatest Noise, I have enjoyed the most profound Silence. It is a very useful Thing to have about one, either at Church, Playhouse, or Westminster-ball; at all which Places a vast Variety, both of useful and diverting Experiments, may be made with it. The only Inconvenience attending it is, that no Man can make himself a compleat Master of it under Twenty Years close and diligent Practice: And that Term of Time is best commenced at Ten or Twelve Years old.

Gent. That, indeed, is an Inconvenience that will make it not every Body's Money. But one would think those Parents, who see the Beauty and the Usefulness of Knowledge, Virtue, and a distinguishing Judgment, should take particular Care to engage their Children early in the Use and Practice of such a *Distinguisher*, whilst they have Time before them, and no other Concerns to interrupt their Application.

Maſt. Some few do. But the Generality are so entirely taken up with the Care of little Master's Complexion, his Dress, his Dancing, and such like Effeminacies, that they have not the least Regard for any internal Accomplishments whatsoever: And are so far from teaching him to subdue his Passions, that they make it their whole Business to gratify them all.

2 O. M. Well, Sir; to some People these may be thought curious Things, perhaps, and a very valuable

Col.

Collection. But, to confess the Truth, these are not the Sort of curious Things I wanted. Have you no little Box, representing a wounded Heart, on the Inside the Lid? Nor pretty Ring, with an amorous Poesy? Nothing of that Sort, which is pretty and not common in your Shop?

Maſt. O yes, Sir! I have a pretty Snuff-box here, on the Inside of the Lid, do ye see, is a Man of Threescore and Ten acting the Lover, and hunting, like a Boy, after Gewgaws and Trifles, to please a Girl with.

2 O. M. Meaning me, Sir? Do ye banter me, Sir?

Maſt. If you take it to yourself, Sir, I can't help it.

2 O. M. And is a Person of my Years and Gravity to be laugh'd at, then?

Maſt. Why, really, Sir, Years and Gravity do make such Childishness very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very sorry I have none of those curious Trifles for your Diversion, but I have delicate Hobby Horses and Rattles, if you please.

2 O. M. By all the Charms of *Araminta*, I will revenge this Affront.

[*Exit.*]

Gent. Ha, ha, ha! How contemptible is Rage in Impotence! But pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of Freedom with your Customers detrimental to your Trade?

Maſt. No, no, Sir, the odd Character I have acquir'd by this rough kind of Sincerity and plain Dealing, together with the whimsical Humour of moralizing upon every Trifle I sell; are the Things, which, by raising People's Curiosity, furnish me with all my

Cur-

Customers: And it is only Fools and Coxcombs I am so free with.

La. And, in my Opinion, you are in the Right of it. Folly and Impertience ought always to be the Objects of Satire and Redicule.

Gent. Nay, upon second Thoughts, I don't know but this odd Turn of Mind, which you have given yourself, may not only be entertaining to several of your Customers, but, perhaps, very much so to yourself.

Maß. Vastly so, Sir. It very often helps me to Speculations infinitely agreeable. I can sit behind this Counter, and fancy my little Shop, and the Transactions of it, an agreeable Representation of the grand Theatre of the World. When I see a Fool come in here, and throw away Fifty or an Hundred Guineas for a Trifle that is not really worth a Shilling, I am surpriz'd. But when I look out into the World, and see Lordships and Manors barter'd away for gilt Coaches and Equipage; an Estate for a Title; and an easy Freedom in Retirement for a servile Attendance in a Crowd; when I see Health with Eagerness exchange'd for Diseases, and Happiness for a Game at Hazard; my Wonder ceases. Surely the World is a great Toy-shop, and all it's Inhabitants run mad for Rattles. Nay, even the very wisest of us, however we may flatter ourselves, have some Failing or Weakness, some Toy or Trifle, that we are ridiculously fond of. Yet, so very partial are we to our own dear selves, that we overlook those Miscarriages in our own Conduct, which we loudly exclaim against in that of others; and, tho' the same Fool's Turbant fits us all,

*You say that I, I say that you are He,
And each Man swears, "The Cap's not made for me."*

Gentle

Gent. Ha, ha ! 'Tis very true, indeed. But I imagine you now begin to think it Time to shut up Shop. Ladies, do ye want any Thing else ?

1 La. No, I think not. If you please to put up that Looking-glass, and the Perspective, I will pay you for them.

Gent. Well, Madam, how do you like this whimsical Humourist ?

1 La. Why, really, in my Opinion, the Man's as great a Curiosity himself, as any Thing he has got in his Shop.

Gent. He is so indeed. I think we have heard a great deal of Folly very justly ridicul'd.

*In this gay, thoughtless Age be'as found a Way,
In trifling Things just Morals to convey.
'Tis his at once to please and to reform,
And give old Satire a new Power to charm.
And, would you guide your Lives and Actions right,
Think on the Maxims you have heard to Night.*



EPI.

for me.
Gent



EPILOGUE.

WELL, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave Sermon's
 done; *(For faith our Author might have call'd it one)*
 I wonder who the Devil be thought to please!
 Is this a Time o' Day for Things like these?
 Good Sense and honest Satire now offend;
 We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend.
 And so divinely wrapt in Songs and Tunes,
 The next wise Age will all be——Fiddler's Sons.
 And did he think plain Truth wou'd Favour find?
 Ah! 'tis a Sign he little knows Mankind!
 To please, he ought to have a Song or Dance,
 The Tune from Italy, the Caper France:
 These, these might charm——But hope to do't with Sense!
 Alas! alas! how vain is the Pretence!
 But, tho' we told him,——Faith, 'twill never do.——
 Pho, never fear, he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tis new:
 The Whim, perhaps, may please, if not the Wit;
 And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.
 If neither this nor that will intercede,
 Submissive bend, and thus for Pardon plead.

“Ye gen'rous Few, to you our Author sues,
 “His first Essay with Candour to excuse.
 “’Twas Faults, he owns, but, if they are but small,
 “He hopes your kind Applause will bide them all.

EPISTLES

AND

POEMS.

BY THE SAME.



PRINTED in the YEAR
M.DCC.XXXVI.

EPISTLES

AND

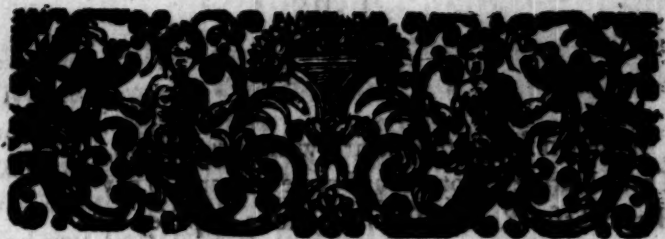
POEMS

BY THE SAME



PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCCXXXVI.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Mr. P O P E.

Occasion'd by his

ESSAY on M A N.



REAT Bard! in whom united we admire,
The Sage's Wisdom, and the Poet's Fire;
And whom at once the Great and Good
commend,

A safe Companion, and an useful Friend: —

*'Twas thus the Muse her eager Flight began,
Ardent to sing the Poet and the Man:
But Truth in Verse is clad too like a Lie,
And you, at least, would think it Flattery;
Hating the Thought, I check my forward Strain,
I change my Stile, and thus begin again.*

As when some Student first with curious Eye,
 Thro' Nature's wond'rous Frame attempts to pry;
 His doubtful Reason seeming Faults surpris'd,
 He asks, if This be just, if That be wise?
 Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue in Distress,
 And Vice unpunish'd, with strange Thoughts oppress;
 Till thinking on, unclouded by Degrees,
 His Mind is open'd, fair is all he sees:
 Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue's ragged Plight,
 And Vice's Triumph, all are just and right:
 Beauty is found, and Order and Design,
 And the whole Scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous Plan,
 Leading thro' all the winding Maze of Man;
 Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
 My Pride would fain have laid the Fault on YOU.
 This false, That ill-express'd, this Thought not good;
 And all was wrong which I misunderstood.
 But reading more attentive, soon I found,
 The Diction nervous, and the Doctrine sound.
 Saw Man, a Part of that stupendous Whole,
 " *Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul.*
 Saw in the Scale of Things his middle State,
 And all his Powers adapted just to That.
 Saw Reason, Passion, Weakness, how of Use,
 How all to Good, to Happiness conduce.
 Saw my own Weakness, thy superior Power,
 And still the more I read, admire the more.

*This Simile drawn out, I now began
 To think of forming some Design or Plan,*

To aid my Muse, and guide her wand'ring Lay,
 When sudden to my Mind came honest GAY.
 For Form or Method I no more contend,
 But strive to copy that ingenious Friend: *
 Like him to catch my Thoughts just as they rose—
 And thus I caught them, laughing at thy Foes.

Where are you now——ye Criticks, shall I say?
 Or Owls, who sicken at this God of Day?
 What! mighty Scriblers, will you let him go
 Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so?
 Step forth some great distinguish'd daring Dunce,
 Write but one Page, you silence him at once:
 Write without Fear; you will, you must succeed;
 He cannot answer——for he will not read.

Here paus'd the Muse——alas! the Fade is bit,
 She fain would copy GAY, but wants his Wit.
 She paus'd, indeed——broke off as he had done,
 Wrote four unmeaning Lines, and then went on.

Ye Wits and Fools, ye Libertines and Saints,
 Come pour upon the Foe your joint Complaints.
 First, you who oft with Wisdom too refin'd,
 Can censure and direct th' ETERNAL MIND;
 Ingenious Wits, who modestly pretend
 This bungling Frame, the Universe, to mend;
 How can you bear, in your great Reason's Spight,
 To hear him prove, "Whatever is, is Right?"
 Alas! how easy to confute the Song!
 If all is right, how came your Heads so wrong?

D 3

And

* In his First Epistle.

And come, ye solemn *Fools*, a numerous Band,
Who read, and read, but never understand,
Pronounce it Nonsense.—Can't you prove it too?
Good Faith, my *Friends*, it may be so—to *You*.

Come too, ye *Libertines*, who lust for Power,
Or Wealth, or Fame, or Greatness, or a Whore;
All who true sensual Happiness adhere to,
And laugh him out of this old-fashion'd *Virtue*:
Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd
Your only Bliss.—How odd is some Men's Taste!

And come, ye rigid *Saints*, with Looks demure,
Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure,
Come, and with pious Zeal the Lines decry,
Which give your proud Hypocrisy the Lie:
Which own the best have Failings, not a few;
And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as *You*.

What! shall he taint such perfect Souls with Ill?
Shall Sots not place their Bliss in what they will?
Nor Fools be Fools? Nor Wits sublime descend
In Charity to Heaven its Works to mend?
Laughs he at these?—'Tis monstrous. To be plain,
I'd have ye write: —He can but laugh again.

Here lifting up my Head, surpriz'd, I see,
Clese at my Elbow, flattering Vanity.
From her soft Whispers soon I found it came,
That I suppos'd myself not one of Them.
Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth!
I fear, in Justice, he must laugh at both.

For Vanity abas'd, up to my Ear

Steps honest Truth, and these harsh Words I bear;

" *Forbear, vain Bard, like them forbear thy Lays,*

" *Alike to POPE such Censure, and such Praise.*

" *Nor can that sink, nor this exalt his Name,*

" *Who owes to Virtue, and himself his Fame.*



MODERN

But there are very rare. How happy he
Who rather than Convert, Lays with Thee
Each

MODERN REASONING. *An* EPISTLE
to Mr. L——.

WHence comes it, L——, that ev'ry Fool,
In Reason's spite, in spite of Ridicule,
Fondly his own wild Whims for Truth maintains,
And all the blind, deluded World disdains;
Himself the only Person blest with Sight,
And his Opinion the great Rule of Right.

'Tis strange, from Folly this Conceit should rise,
That want of Sense should make us think we're wise :
Yet so it is. The most egregious Elf
Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
Who nothing knows, will all Things comprehend,
And who can least confute, will most contend.

I love the Man, I love him from my Soul,
Whom neither Weakness blinds, nor Whims control ;
With Learning blest, with solid Reason fraught,
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every Thought :
Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
Suggests his Notions with a modest Fear ;
Hears every Reason, every Passion hides,
Debates with Calmness, and with Care decides ;
More pleas'd to learn than eager to confute,
Not Victory, but Truth his sole Pursuit.

But these are very rare. How happy he
Who tastes such Converse, L——, with Thee !

Each

Each social Hour is spent in Joys sublime,
 Whilst Hand in Hand o'er Learnings *Alps* you climb;
 Thro' Reason's Paths in search of Truth proceed,
 And clear the Flow'ry Way from every Weed;
 Till from her antient Cavern rais'd to Light,
 The beauteous Stranger stands reveal'd to Sight.

How far from this the furious noisy Crew,
 Who, what they once assert, with Zeal pursue?
 Their greater Right infer from louder Tongues;
 And Strength of Argument from Strength of Lungs.
 Instead of Sense, who stun your Ears with Sound,
 And think they conquer, when they but confound,
Taurus, a bellowing Champion storms and swears,
 And drives his Argument thro' both your Ears;
 And whether Truth or Falshood, right or wrong,
 'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—Tongue.
 In all Disputes he bravely wins the Day;
 No Wonder—for he hears not what you say.

But tho' to tire the Ear's sufficient Curse,
 To tire one's Patience is a Plague still worse.
Prato, a formal Sage, debates with Care,
 A strong Opponent, take him up who dare.
 His Words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
 He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a Fool.
 If he asserts, tho' what no Man can doubt,
 He'll bring ten thousand Proofs to make it out.
 This, this, and this—is so, and so, and so;
 And therefore, therefore—That, and That, you know.
 Circles no Angles have; a Square has four:
 A Square's no Circle therefore—to be sure!
 The Sum of *Prato's* wond'rous Wisdom is,
 This is not That, and, therefore, That not This.

Which

Which uncontested Axiom to defend,
He'll but, and for, and therefore, without End.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater Dunce,
Is he who throws all Knowledge off at once.
The first, for every Trifle will contend;
But this has no Opinions to defend.
In Fire no Heat, no Sweetness in the Rose,
The Man's impos'd on by his very Nose:
Nor Light nor Colour charms his doubting Eye,
The World's a Dream, and all his Senses lie.
He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of Thought;
Nay even doubts his very Power to doubt,
Ask him if he's a Man, or Beast, or Bird,
He cannot tell upon his honest Word.
'Tis strange so plain a Point's so hard to prove;
I'll tell you what you are—a Fool, by *Four*.

Another Class of Disputants there are,
More num'rous than the doubting Tribe by far.
These are your Wanderers, who from the Point
Run wild in loose Harangues, all out of Joint,
Vagarius, and confute him if you can,
Will hold Debate with any mortal Man.
He roves from *Genesis* to *Revelations*,
And quite confounds you with divine Quotations.
Should you affirm that *Adam* knew his Wife,
And by that Knowledge lost the *Tree of Life*;
He contradicts you, and, in half an Hour,
Most plainly proves—*Pope Joan* the *Scarlet Whore*.
Nor Head nor Tail his Argument affords,
A jumbling, incoherent Mass of Words;
Most of them true, but so together tost,
Without Connection, that their Sense is lost.

But

But leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
 Another Clan alarms us; face about:
 See, arm'd with grave Authority they come,
 And with great Names and Numbers strike us dumb,
 With these an Error ven'erable appears,
 For having been believ'd three thousand Years.
 Reason, nay common Sense, to Names must fall,
 And Strength of Argument's no Strength at all.
 But on my Muse, tho' Multitudes oppose us,
 Alas! Truth is not prov'd by counting Noses:
 Nor fear, tho' antient Sages are subjoin'd,
 A Lye's a Lye, tho' told by all Mankind.
 'Tis true, I love the Antients—but what then?
 Plato, and Aristotle, were but Men.
 I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,
 And therefore no sufficient Guides for me.
 An Error, tho' by Half the World espous'd,
 Is still an Error, and may be oppos'd:
 And Truth, tho' much from mortal Eyes conceal'd,
 Is still the Truth, and may be more reveal'd.
 How foolish then will look your mighty Wife,
 Should half their *Ipsè dixit* prove plain Lyes.

But on, my Muse, another Tribe demands
 Thy Censure yet: not should they 'scape thy Hands.
 These are the Passionate; who in Dispute,
 Demand Submission, Monarchs absolute.
 Sole Judges, in their own Conceit, of Wit;
 They damn all those for Fools that won't submit.
 Sir *Tesby* (thwart Sir *Tesby* if you dare)
 Swears there's Inhabitants in every Star.
 If you presume to say this mayn't be true,
 You lie, Sir, you're a Fool and Blockhead too.

What

What he asserts, if any disbelieve,
 How Folks can be so dull he can't conceive.
 He knows he's right, he knows his Judgment clear,
 But Men are so perverse they will not hear.
 With him, *Swift*, treads a dull trite beaten Way;
 In *Young* no Wit, no Humour smiles in Gay;
 Nor Truth, nor Virtue, *Pope*, adorns thy Page;
 And *Thomson's* LIBERTY corrupts the Age.
 This to deny if any dare presume,
 Fool, Coxcomb, Sor, and Puppy fill the Room.
Hillario, who full well this Humour knows,
 Resolv'd one Day his Folly to expose,
 Kindly invites him with some Friends to dine,
 And entertains 'em with a roast *Sir-Join*.
 Of this he knew *Sir Testy* could not eat,
 And purposely prepar'd it for his Treat.
 The rest begin—*Sir Testy*, pray fall to—
 You love roast Beef, Sir, come—I know you do.
 “Excuse me, Sir, 'tis what I never eat.
 How, Sir! Not love roast Beef! the King of Meat!
 “'Tis true, indeed.” Indeed it is not true,
 I love it, Sir, and you must love it too.
 “I can't upon my Word.” Then you're a Fool,
 And don't know what's good Eating, by my Soul.
 Not love roast Beef! come, come, Sirs, fill his Plate,
 I'll make him love it—Sir, G—D—ye, eat.

Sir Testy finding what it was they meant,
 Rose in a Passion, and away he went.



*To the Dutcheſs of PORTLAND
on her Marriage.*

FAME now has ſounded far and wide,
That beauteous HARLEY, the fair Bride
Of generous PORTLAND is to ſhine,
And Heav'n approves the great Deſign.

All Joy attend the happy Pair !

O Muſe, thy choiceſt Song prepare,

At once thy juſt Devoirs to pay,

And aid the Mirth of that great Day.

But what to ſay ?——I can't proceed——

“ A pretty Compliment indeed !

“ Is HARLEY's Daughter to be wed ?

“ And can no handſome Thing be ſaid ?

A ſharp and juſt Reproof, I own ;

But tell me——What is to be done ?

She ſhines above our higheſt Praise,

Yet ſhuns the juſteſt, humbleſt Lays ;

And that's ſo very odd, you know,

A Poet knows not what to do.

I cou'd, 'tis true, on this Occaſion,

Mount up to Heaven, as 'tis Faſhion ;

Make Goddeſſes to her ſubmit,

Venus in Beauty, Pallas Wit ;

A thouſand pretty Things run o'er,

Each ſaid a thouſand Times before ;

With all the Graces fill my Strains,

And then——be laugh'd at for my Pains.

E

No,

No, No; such Common-place forbear,
There's no Occasion for it here;
Here Truth in plain and modest Words,
The finest Character affords;
And just to paint her as she is,
Will be the fairest, loveliest Piece.

But I forbear—I dare not try—

Yet give me Leave to prophecy.

- " If Beauty, without Affectation,
- " A Temper void of Heat or Passion,
- " Averse to Censure, free from Pride,
- " The Faults of others glad to hide;
- " If Modesty, with Sweetness join'd,
- " Not over fond, yet ever kind;
- " A lively Wit, a Judgment clear,
- " A Soul good-natur'd and sincere;
- " A Breast with tenderest Passions warm,
- " And every modest Art to charm;
- " If these are Blessings in a Wife,
- " PORTLAND is blest, is blest for Life.

*Mrs. PEARSE'S Salutation to her
Garden in the Country.*

Welcome, fair Scene, welcome, thou lov'd Re-
From the vain Hurry of the bustling Great,
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant Bower,
Wrapt in calm Thought improve each fleeting Hour.

My Soul, while Nature's Beauties feast mine Eyes,
To Nature's God contemplative shall rise.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain Delights,
 Which waste our Days, and rob us of our Nights?
 What your Allurements? what your fancy'd Joys?
 Dress, Equipage, and Show, and Pomp, and Noise.
 Alas! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
 To the calm Pleasures of this rural Scene?

Come then, ye Shades, beneath your bending Arms,
 Enclose the fond Admirer of your Charms;
 Come then, ye Bowers, receive your joyful Guest,
 Glad to retire, and in Retirement blest;
 Come, ye fair Flowers, and open ev'ry Sweet;
 Come, little Birds, your warbling Songs repeat,
 The Eye, the Ear, and every Sense regal'd,
 And purer Life in every Breath exhal'd.
 And O descend, to sweeten all the rest,
 Soft-smiling Peace, in white-rob'd Virtue dress'd;
 Content unenvious, Ease with Freedom join'd,
 And Contemplation calm, with Truth refin'd:
 Deign but in this fair Scene with me to dwell,
 All Noise and Nonsense, Pomp and Show farewell.

And see! O see! the Heav'n-born Train appear!
 Fix then, my Heart, thy Happiness is here.



*To my Lord BEAUCHAMP, with a
Collection of Stories.*

R Eceive, my Lord, these virtuous Tales,
Adapted to your Age ;
Virtue in noble Minds prevails,
And early will engage.

As Time, with *Dalton's* Care combin'd,
With Strength your Mind endues ;
Sublimer Thoughts will Entrance find,
And more extended Views.

These little Tales which once you priz'd,
As Trifles then thrown by,
Will lie forgotten, or despis'd ;
Alas ! and shall not I ?

KITTY. *A Pastoral.*

I.

F Rom beneath a cool Shade, by the Side of a Stream,
Thus writes thy THEANDER, and Thou art his
[Theme :

Thy Beauties inspiring, my dearest, I'll shew,
There's nothing in Nature so lovely as you.

II.

II.

Tho' Distance divides us, thy Beauties I see,
Those Beauties so lov'd and admir'd by me!
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty,
O Gods! you've made nothing so fair as my KITTY!

III.

Come, lovely Idea, come fill my fond Arms,
And whilst I thus gaze on thy numerous Charms,
The beautiful Objects which round me do lie,
Grow sick at thy Presence with Envy, and die.

IV.

Now FLORA the Meads and the Groves does adorn,
With Flowers and Blossoms on every Thorn;
But look on my KITTY! — There sweetly does blow,
A Spring of more Beauties than FLORA can show.

V.

See, see how that Rose there adorns the gay Bush,
And, proud of its Colour, wou'd vie with her Blush;
Vain Boaster! thy Beauties shall quickly decay,
She blushes — and see how it withers away.

VI.

Observe that fair Lilly, the Pride of the Vale,
In Whiteness unrivall'd; now droops and looks pale;
It sickens, and changes its beautiful Hue,
And bows down its Head in Submission to you.

VII.

The Zephirs that fan me beneath the cool Shade,
 When panting with Heat on the Ground I am laid,
 Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly Air
 That breathes from her Lips when she whispers-my Dear.

VIII.

O hear the gay Lark as she mounts in the Skies,
 How sweet are her Notes! how delightful her Voice!
 Go dwell in the Air, little Warbler, go;
 I have Musick enough while my KITTEN's below.

IX.

With Pleasure I watch the laborious Bee,
 Extracting her Sweets from each Flower and Tree:
 Ah Fools! thus to labour to keep you alive,
 Fly, fly to her Lips, and at once fill your Hive.

X.

See there, on the Top of that Oak, how the Doves
 Sit brooding each other, and cooing their Loves:
 Our Loves are thus tender, thus mutual our Joy,
 When folded on each others Bosoms we lie.

XI.

It glads me to see how she pretty young Lambs,
 Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their Dams:
 The Lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee;
 Their Dams are less fond, nor so loving as me.

XII.

XII.

Here various Flowers still paint the gay Scene,
 And as some fade and die, others bud and look green;
 The Charms of my KITTY are constant as they;
 Her Virtues will bloom as her Beauties decay.

XIII.

As I gaze on the River that smoothly glides by,
 Thus even and sweet is her Temper, I cry;
 Thus clear is her Mind, thus calm and serene,
 And Virtues, like Gems, at the Bottom are seen.

XIV.

But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,
 And Night now approaches, and hinders my Sight:
 To Bed I must hasten, and there all her Charms,
 In softer Ideas, I'll bring to my Arms.

On Good and Ill-nature. To Mr. POPE.

IN Virtue's Cause to draw a daring Pen;
 Defend the Good, encounter wicked Men;
 Freely to praise the Virtues of the Few,
 And boldly censure the degen'rate Crew.
 To Scorn, with equal Justice, to deride
 The poor Man's Worth, or sooth the Great one's Pride;
 All this was once Good-nature thought, not Ill;
 Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.

Old-fashion'd Souls! your Men of modern Taste,
 Are with new Virtue, new Politeness grac'd.
 Good-nature now has chang'd her honest Face,
 For smiling Flattery, Compliment, Grimace:
 Fool grins at Fool, each Coxcomb owns his Brother,
 And Thieves and Sharpers compliment each other.
 To such extent Good-nature now is spread,
 To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred:
 An equal Brow to all is now the Vogue,
 And Complaisance goes round from Rogue to Rogue.
 If This be Good——'tis gloriously true,
 The most Ill-natur'd Man alive, is Y O U.

RELIGION. *A Simile.*

I'M often drawn to make a Stop,
 And gaze upon a Picture-shop.
 There have I seen (as who that carries
 Has not the same?) a Head that varies;
 And as in different Views expos'd,
 A different Figure is disclos'd.
 This Way a Fool's Head is express'd,
 Whose very Countenance is a Jest;
 Such as were formerly at Court,
 Kept to make the wiser People Sport.
 Turn it another Way, you'll have
 A Face ridiculously grave,
 Something betwixt the Fool and Knave.
 Again, but alter the Position,
 You're frighted with the Apparition:

A hideous threatning Gorgon Head
 Appears, enough to fright the Dead.
 But place it in its proper Light,
 A lovely Face accosts the Sight ;
 Our Eyes are charm'd with every Feature,
 And own the Whole a beauteous Creature.

Thus true Religion fares. For when
 By silly, or designing Men,
 In false or foolish Lights 'tis plac'd,
 'Tis made a Bugbear, or a Jest.
 Here by a Set of Men 'tis thought
 A Scheme, by Politicians wrought,
 To strengthen and enforce the Law,
 And keep the Vulgar more in Awe :
 And these, to shew sublimer Parts,
 Cast all Religion from their Hearts ;
 Brand all its Vor'ries as the Tools
 Of Priests ; and Politician's Fools.

Some view it in another Light,
 Less wicked, but as foolish quite :
 And these are such as blindly place it
 In Superstitions that disgrace it ;
 And thinks the Effence of it lies
 In ceremonious Fooleries :
 In Points of Faith and Speculation,
 Which tend to nothing but Vexation.
 With these it is a heinous Crime
 To cough or spit in Sermon-time :
 'Tis worse to whistle on a Sunday,
 Than cheat their Neighbours on a Monday :
 To dine without first saying Grace, is
 Enough to lose in Heaven their Places :

But

But Goodness, Honesty, and Virtue,
Is what they've not the least Regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the Bugbear View:
Think it consists in strange Severities;
In Fastings, Weepings, and Austerities.
False Notions their weak Minds possess,
Of Faith, and Grace, and Holiness:
And as the Lord's of purer Eyes
Than to behold Iniquities;
They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
All their Endeavours will be bootless;
And dreadful Furies *In Æternum*,
In unconsuming Fires will burn 'em.

But, O how happy are the Few,
Who place it in its proper View!
To these it shines divinely bright,
No Clouds obscure its native Light;
Truth stamps Conviction in the Mind,
All Doubts and Fears are left behind,
And Peace and Joy at once an Entrance find.



To Mrs. VERNON. On her Marriage.

I.

FAIR *Venus*, Queen of Female Charms,
 Calls to her Son one Day;
 Come, *Cupid*, come; to Arms, to Arms;
 And leave your childish Play.

II.

See'st thou yon blooming tender Fair,
 Whom every Grace adorn's;
 Whose lovely Face, and Shape, and Air,
 Surprize and charm by Turns.

III.

Good-nature smooths her equal Brow,
 Love sparkles in her Eyes;
 Compassion melts her tender Heart,
 She's all that Man can prize.

IV.

With such superior Charms she shines,
 So exquisitely fair,
 That all my Graces, by Mistake,
 Are fled to wait on Her.

V.

V.

Haste then, my Dear, your Bow prepare,
 Choose out the keenest Dart;
 Find one that's worthy of the Fair,
 And strike him thro' the Heart.

VI.

See that with Merit, Virtus join,
 To form his manly Breast;
 Good-nature with fond Love combine,
 To make the Fair one blest.

VII.

Enough, enough, young *Cupid* cries,
 I'll please you in a Man;
 Find one more worthy of the Prize
 Than VERNON if you can.

VIII.

He spoke; and let an Arrow fly;
 I bleed, the Lover cry'd:
Hymen stepp'd in, and clos'd the Wound,
 Or he had surely dy'd.



An EPITHALAMIUM.

HENCE, hence all dull Cares,
All Quarrels and Jars;
Ye factious Disturbers of Pleasure avoid!
Content, Love, and Joy,
Shall their Pow'rs employ,
To bless the glad Bridegroom, and beautiful Bride,
To bless the glad Bridegroom, and beautiful Bride.
Anger shall ne'er presume
Within their Breasts to come;
No Doubt nor anxious Fear,
Nor jealous Thought shall enter there.
Ill-nature, Ill-manners, Contention, and Pride,
Shall never, shall never the Union divide,
Shall never, shall never the Union divide.
O the pleasing, pleasing Raptures,
Read in HYMEN'S Nuptial Chapters!
Love commencing,
Joys dispensing;
Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling;
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming;
Kissing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the pleasing, pleasing Raptures!

MUSIC SONG

MAN's a poor deluded Bubble,
Wand'ring in a Mist of Lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double,
Who wou'd trust to such weak Eyes?
Yet presuming on his Senses,
On he goes most wondrous wise,
Doubts of Truth, believes Pretences;
Lost in Error, lives and dies.

SONG.

HOW gladly we hear the Scandal
Which blackens our Neighbour's Fame,
Ill-nature soon takes a Handle
To ridicule and cry Shame;
But when for our own dear Failings,
We meet from the World a Return,
Impatient we curse their Railings,
And swear it is not to be borne.



*An EPIGRAM, occasioned by the Words
ONE PRIOR, in the Second Volume of
Bishop Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR ! — and is this, this all the Fame
The Poet from th' Historian can claim?
No ; *Prior's* Verse Posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot ONE BURNET ever wrote.

F I N I S.

